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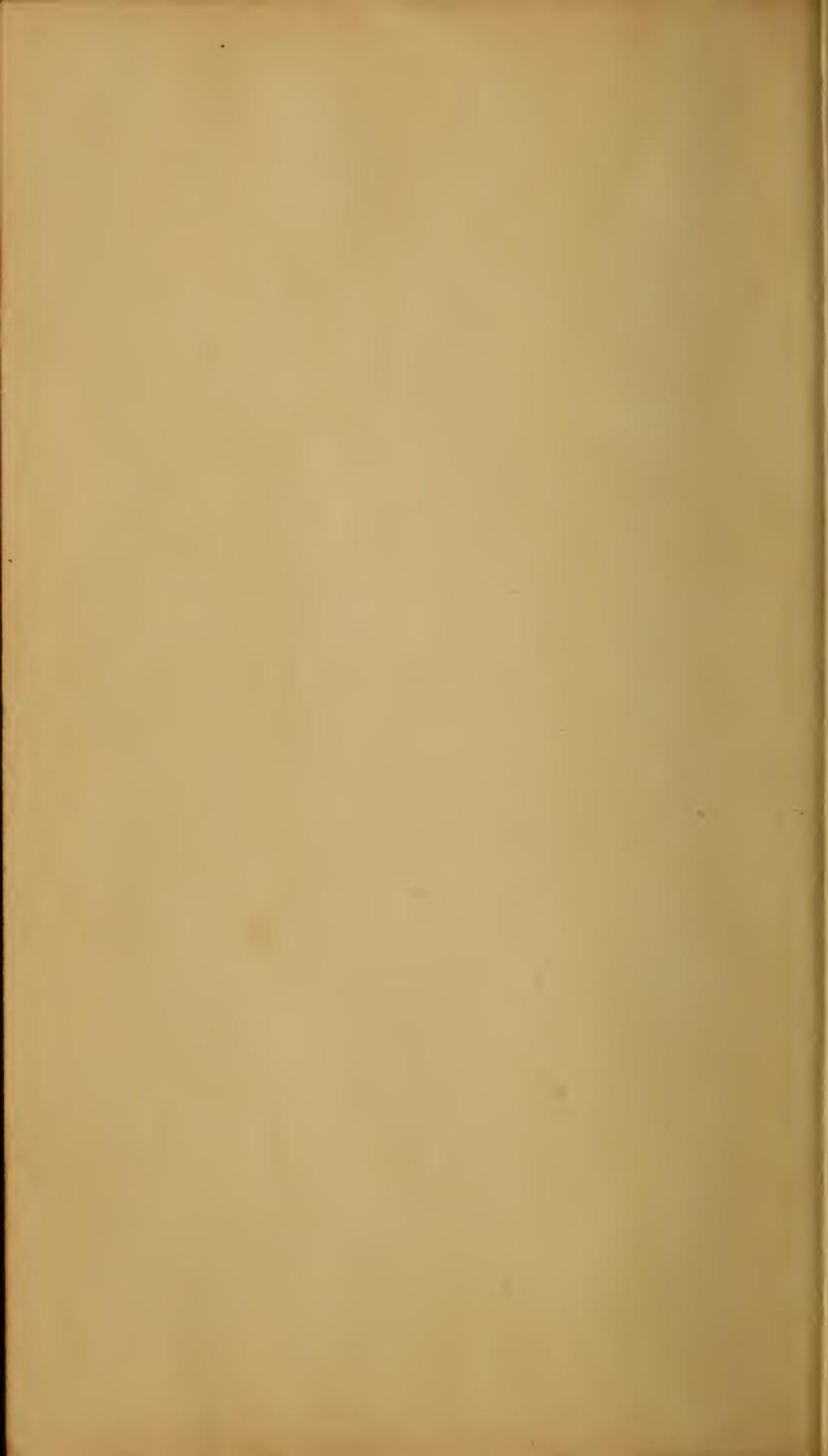
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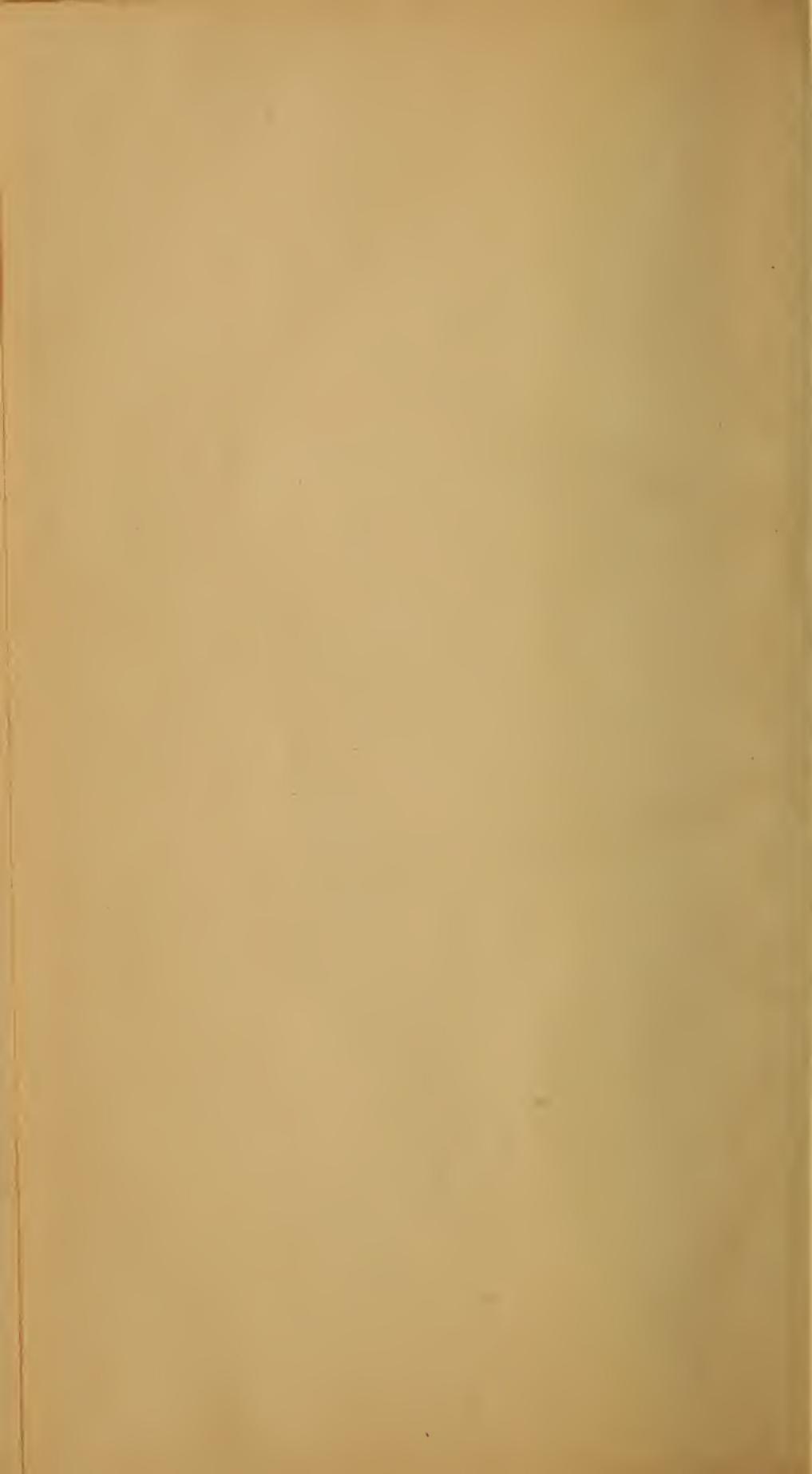
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









PRIVATE THOUGHTS

OF THE

RELIKS OF ANTIQUITY,

ON

PLEASANT RETIREMENT

IN

Wales.

BY ANDREW HAYNES

London:

WILLIAM A. SPURGEON, PRINTER,
18 WEST END-SQUARE, LONDON W.C. WATERMARKED.

1836.



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New-York:

WILLIAM A. MERCEIN, PRINTER,
13 BURLING-SLIP, CORNER OF WATER-STREET.

1826.

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Southern District of New-York, sc.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the Seventeenth day of August in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Andrew Haynes of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit :

"Private thoughts on the Relicks of Antiquity, or Pleasant retirement in Wales."

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

When the following letters were first written, I had not the slightest idea of making them public; but, being at this time destitute of every other means of gaining emolument, I have been requested by many gentlemen to submit these epistles to the world. The apology for defects, and for youth and inexperience, and the acknowledgement of inability to resist the importunate solicitation of discerning friends, are ever supposed to be insincere, and should they be true, they ought to cause a total suppression of that work for which apologies are given.

“ Every one loves his own work,” says the Stagyrite; “ but it was no overweening affection of this kind which caused the

present publication. I am only in possession of a few private thoughts made out as I travelled along with a pocket-book and pencil in my hand, to divert myself on the journey, and merely to beguile a leisure hour; such as they are, I submit them to the reader's perusal. The deference due to the public, seems to require an apology for committing a private correspondence to the press. This would have been highly improper, if I had not concealed the names of persons and places; and suppressed, as far as possible, every circumstance which might lead to the discovery of them—It is with deference that I submit these letters; and I tremble as I put them into the hands of the public—They were first written with a very limited view: for the entertainment of a friend, and to beguile the hours of a solitary journey—They were the secret whispers of my

own heart. I trust they are harmless, and that if read, they will be found to contain nothing which can give the slightest offence to the true and great articles of religion and virtue.

It is proper to make an apology to the public for the detail of many incidents, which, however interesting to myself, (especially at the time of writing) are certainly not sufficiently so to deserve general attention. It is difficult to draw an exact line; and to fix the proper medium. What some persons may blame, others may approve; and my book is open to all. In the letters to which I intreat the lenity of the public, the critic will doubtless, find much to condemn. He may likewise, possibly, discover something to commend. If they who think lightly of religion, should treat all that I have written upon the subject as folly, rant, or enthusiasm, I cannot help

it. I only hope they will not be displeased with me for expressing those sentiments which are clearly revealed in the Gospel. Let profane minds laugh at it as much as they will, there is nevertheless a secret commerce between God and the souls of good men ; they feel the influence of heaven. And whatever vain thoughts men may entertain of religion in their younger days, they will, sooner or later, feel the testimony which God has implanted in the breast of every man, and which will one day make him serious—either in the inexpressible fears, terrors, and agonies of a troubled mind, or in an inconceivable peace, comfort, and joy, arising from a good conscience. What a blessing it is to live in a nation whose general characteristic is sincerity. In which ingenuous freedom is honoured with esteem ; and where the unmerited malignity of anonymous slanderers will

have its reward from favour and honest hearted Americans—who, above all, honour truth wherever they find it.

Thus much have I said, in order to solicit the reader's favourable and candid perusal of what is now put into his hands. That the ensuing reflections may prove useful to him is the sincere wish of

His most humble servant,

A. HAYNES.

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WILHELM STORZ

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WILHELM STORZ

WILHELM STORZ, geboren am 14. Februar 1835 in Stuttgart und
am 10. April 1896 in Berlin gestorben, war ein deutscher

Arzt und Naturforscher.

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LETTERS.



LETTER I.

DEAR FRIEND,

I arrived at the small town from which I date my letter, at ten o'clock this evening. The coach I intended to proceed in being gone, I have been under the necessity of stopping here for the night; although I am sixty miles short of my destination.

In a walk I have just taken across the fields, I came to a path leading through a gloomy, terrific, and extensive forest. It led me into a truly alpine-like valley. A rapid torrent roared over broken fragments of rock, and fell in vast sheets. Towards the extremity of this scene, an immense black mountain presented its

naked, craggy clefts in front. And, at the very end, the scene became exceedingly beautiful; a forest was clad in cheerful green—melody and beauty filled the groves—the lark was heard from the retirement of the forest, mingling her notes with the soft tones of the linnet; and a whole tribe of feathered choristers made the woods vocal with their music. Every thing that had life, felt the influence of so sweet a morning; and all around was joy and ecstacy. I continued to wander along the path, until, of a sudden, there appeared the ruins of a magnificent castle.

“ Oh,” said I, “ yonder are the relicks of antiquity! Those walls once resounded with the voice of man; the sounds of hilarity, of grief, and of mourning have had their turns there.”

Here I left the path; and directed my steps towards the ruins, which I entered.

I proceeded through dark and intricate windings, until they terminated at a broad flight of steps, which did not appear to be so much shattered as the rest of the building. I ascended them. Their immense height, and gloomy and terrific aspect, filled my mind, in a moment, with terror. Every part too of the vast structure presented an air of melancholy grandeur; whilst the height and vastness of its numerous towers—raised at different angles over the moss-covered walls—increased its terrific and threatening aspect. To this asylum, the deadly scolopendra and other noisome and infectious reptiles had come; proclaiming, as I advanced, by their united hissings, their fears and antipathy to the human race. The extensive landscape, beheld from this elevated situation, was full of beauty; for it overlooked a considerable valley. No language can ade-

quately describe the scene which, at this time, presented itself. First of all, I saw a handsome amphitheatre, which seemed like the last barrier of the world. Turning the eye a little round, a mighty cascade precipitated itself in one unbroken fall from a majestic rock, which projected very far from its frail foundation.

It was almost sunset when I gained this situation. I looked down with delight upon the vale below. I could see, at a great distance, the weary ploughman retiring from the toils of the day; and, in another direction, the cheerful shepherd descending from the hill—accompanied by his faithful dog, the companion of his steps and the partner o' his toil.

I sat myself down upon a moss-cover'd wall, in order to contemplate, at leisure, the sublime scenery around me:

for, on either side, the boundless prospect I beheld, far exceeded in diversity and grandeur, any thing I had before seen.

“ Alas !” said I, “ where are the descendants of those who formerly lived here in splendour. Have they left the beauty of these lofty hills, which the hands of man never formed, for the monuments and towers of the town which have been erected by mortals ; or, was the heir young and simple, and led astray by the luring looks and fair speeches of a worthless female—spent his estate—died in extreme poverty—and his posterity, never able to redeem the estate or title of their ancestors, obliged to serve their fellow-mortals even in degrading and low offices ? Or, was the possessor an heiress, a fair female, seduced by a villain—robbed of honour, and degraded in name ; at length,

a prostitute, and her issue never heard of? Or, did the owner turn a rebel against his king;—or commit suicide, and forfeit his title and estate to the laws of his country? Or, was there a controversy between two near relatives, as to which was rightful owner; and who, spending all their estate in law, left this delightful dwelling a prey to ruin?"

As I sat in the silence of the evening, contemplating the sublimity of the scene, I observed a venerable old sage, whose head was silvered from age. I hastened down to inquire of him the reason why the mansion was left in this dilapidated state.

"Pray, honoured father," said I, "canst thou tell me the cause of all this grandeur mouldering into ruin?"

He cast a look of astonishment at me, and exclaimed, "art thou so far ad-

vanced in thy journey to the grave, and yet hast never heard of the civil war with which this country was visited. That was a time of trial for the bravest men of our land ; for, instead of employing their courage in the defence of the land of their birth, each man turned against his kinsmen, and the dearest friends—embracing opposite sides—prepared to bury their private affections in factious hatred. After a single battle, it is said, there were found five thousand dead bodies on the field ; and the streets of the town have often been strewed with the slain ; the rivulets have run with human blood ; and the air resounded with the groans of the wounded. The fatherless, helpless orphans, and the bereaved widow were heard lamenting in every grove. Come with me, and view the effects of cruel war ; and consider what pleasure it can yield an usurper—

even should he gain his ambitious end. Look at him when his conscience begins to speak. The fear of assassination haunts him in all his walks; and is perpetually present to his imagination. In his visions, and in his imperfect slumbers, prophetic bodings are conveyed to his disturbed mind; his shuddering heart is filled with horror allied only to guilt—he stands appalled and trembles amidst the fears which an evil conscience has created—fears, which it is not in the power of pomp, with all its glittering appendages, nor in the enjoyment of exalted station, to dissipate and ameliorate. His aspect is clouded with a settled gloom; and he regards every stranger with a confirmed suspicion. Society terrifies him: for there he may meet with an enemy; and solitude is terrible, for he is then without the guard of a friend. At last, he becomes mad;

and the powerful hand of death snatches him away, to receive the reward of the deeds done in the body."

"Go thy way, my son," said the venerable sage; "and beware of ambition. For 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' you have spent your life in some mercantile enjoyment; you have borne the heat of the torrid zone, for the sake of acquiring treasure: but, in the activity of your pursuit, you have not found time to think of God, or of your own soul. But you have succeeded in your pursuit; you are in the possession of lands, carriages, servants—every thing which luxury and pride can demand or riches supply. Yet, life is short; and death approaches every hour. Remember that the King of terrors is not to be bribed by the largest fortune; and it is dross in the eye of Heaven. There," continued he, "is a

path which leads to a church-yard. Go down there, and you will see the end of all human pursuits."

As I slowly walked down the dark and lonely path which led from the majestic ruin to the church-yard, the wind passed me with a melancholy murmur; and filled me with horror. My heart trembled within me; and my legs refused their office. I rested myself against the mouldering wall at the side of the path.

"Oh! mortal man" said I, "of what art thou afraid? what causest thee to tremble upon approaching the place appointed for all living.' Thou heir of the grave, why shudderest thou when thou art going to view thy estate; and which has long been thine by inheritance? It can be nothing but guilt which causes thee to tremble; for thou art sure that this lifeless dust, and these ashes, cannot harm or injure thee. And where

it possible for any of the sleeping inhabitants of this dreary abode to appear, surely it would be most acceptable to thee to hear from the grave the wonders of the unknown world. But, ah! the grave is a country from whose bourne no traveller returns. Well might the poet say :

‘ But ah ! no word to us they give ;
‘ Nor tell us where, or how they live ;
‘ Though conscious, while with us below,
‘ How much themselves desired to know.
‘ As if bound up by solemn fate,
‘ To keep the secret of their state ;
‘ To tell their joys or pains to none :
‘ That man might live by faith alone.’

From whence then does this fear arise ?
Hast thou shed the blood of thy brother ?

Surely thou hast not rendered Christ the obedience and the honour which are due to him, or this fear would not come upon thee as thou dost approach tha'

grave, over which he gained a victory for thee. Move on, thou sinful mortal; take encouragement from the prayer which came from thy blessed Saviour, while he was extended upon the cross: when he said, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’ Why dost thou stand distressing thy feeble soul with the fear of approaching death? Behold the first and great consolation under it: faith in Jesus Christ; who, through Death, destroyed him who had the power of death, and gained a victory over him and Satan by the sacrifice of himself on the cross. Look at the triumphant conqueror, who died on the cross; and who laid in the grave to sanctify it for guilty sinners. See how he shed his precious blood to obtain free pardon for all their offences. If we, through the eye of faith, look steadfastly unto him, and beg for a free pardon of

all our iniquities, we also shall triumph over that enemy which he hath already vanquished."

When I entered the church-yard, I said, "Here is the end of all human grandeur. Oh, may we learn to think nothing great in life: for here we are to day, and to-morrow we are gone as a shadow. Nothing can be truly great which is uncertain: for why should we count that great which must so soon have an end?—methinks I hear the wind, that murmurs through the trees, say to me: 'child of the dust, be humble and be wise; for those, amongst whose tombs thou art now wandering, were like thee but a few days since—flourishing in the fair field of this earthly state. Some of them, in all the power of which existence could boast; high in honour; dignified with the royal favour; abounding in wealth; and courted and flattered by

the crowd. Others were never heard of, or known only by a few friends or by their own relations ; they were almost destitute of food, and wandered nearly naked—but they are all upon a level now ! The form which once gave pleasure to all around it, now creates only pain and sorrow. The limbs which moved with such vigour, are now stiffened ; the face is clouded with paleness ; the eye, closed in darkness ; the ear, deaf ; the voice, dumb ; and the whole appearance, ghastly and dreadful. The spirit has deserted its ruined habitation, and winged its way into the unknown and vast world.””

I could not help exclaiming in the silence of the night : “ O death ! how wonderful thou art ! Here stand I, full of life, health smiling on my cheeks and sparkling in mine eyes, my active feet ready to bear me briskly along, and my

hands prompt to execute their appointed offices. Scenes of felicity are before me ; my busy soul is planning future happiness and peace : but the moment is coming, perhaps, is near, when life's feeble pulse shall play no longer. For what is man : and what is his life ? ‘ Man, that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live.’ Short, indeed, even supposing it to extend to the usual period of human existence, over fourscore years. And, alas ! the extension of life, is but an extension of sorrow ; the time, though short, is full of misery. Threescore years and ten, are the total of our days ; or if, by reason of greater strength, some arrive at fourscore, yet doth the strength of the old man prove but grief, and labour : for he is soon cut down, flies hence, and is no more seen. Our best happiness on earth is short ; we flourish as a flower to-day, but, alas, to-morrow the

taste will no more relish its delicacies, nor the ear be delighted with the eloquence of the orator. No longer will the tongue express the pleasure or pain of the heart ; the eyes will open no more on sublunary scenes ; the cheeks which now glow with health, shall then become pale ; the feet will refuse their powers ; and the useless hands fall heavily by the side. Farewell, then, all the engaging scenes around me : ‘for as the shadow that departeth, it fleeth away ; and its place is known no more.’ So we vanish from the earth : and our memory is soon buried in oblivion. To us, little regard is any longer paid ; our associates, with their usual gaiety and ardour, pursue their several avocations ; and while our neglected clay is mouldering in the dust, the business of life goes briskly on ; the sun shines as bright ; the earth blooms as gaily ; the flowers smell as sweetly,

the plants spring with like greenness ; and the world proceeds in its old course. The forest echoes sweetly with the music of its winged inhabitants ; and all things wear their accustomed form. To this humble level must descend the occupier of a throne, as well as the tenant of a cottage. Here, wisdom and folly, learning, and ignorance, refinement, and vulgarity, will lie down together. Hither moves, with an unconscious, but regular step ; that beauty which has illuminated the gay-assembly's gayest room, and subdued the heart even of the conqueror himself. And she says, ‘I sat as queen and thought I should see no sorrow.’ All must thus ultimately say to corruption : ‘Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.’

“O death, hast thou no respect to youth and beauty ! can nothing divert

thee from thy prey ! dost thou seize alike upon the learned sage and the illiterate peasant—the helpless child—and gray headed old man ? Canst thou prey upon youth and beauty, piety and usefulness ?”

“ Behold yonder cemetery !—see the fond mother, weeping over the grave of a beloved child. He was her only hope, her only son : and she is a widow !—There, is an elegant youth reclining on the cold urn of her whom he loved ;—he seems fixed as a weeping statue ; his heart is entombed with his fair one. See the tears run down his manly cheeks, in torrents of grief ; ‘ his eyes are like fountains of water ;’ she was lovely in her person, and amiable in her manners ; he promised himself many years of happiness in a⁴ society so agreeable. But alas ! how uncertain is all created bliss ; sickness first faded, and then death

withered the flower. Go, disappointed youth, expect not to find happiness on earth; fix thy affection on things above; get an interest in the love of the Saviour; for his love is stronger than death, and will continue when all things else decay. Here, is one contemplating the grave of a friend; ‘they took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company.’ How congenial were their sentiments, and how often did they bow down together before the Father of spirits; and enkindle in each other’s breast an ardent flame of devotion and love! See him, about to leave the sacred spot; he turns and takes another look, and cries out, ‘I am distressed for thee, my brother—very pleasant were’t thou to me as we travelled on our journey to the grave.’ Look, at yonder aged father, following his only son to the tomb. He was the comfort of his old age, and

the only hope of his gray hairs. See, how the tears rush from the eyes which have become dim; and hark to the faltering tongue, exclaiming, ‘ O, Absalom, my son, my son, would to God I had died for thee.’

“ Dark and intricate are thy ways, O Lord! Why do I indulge in such vain and idle speculations! May I wait, with humble submission, the consummation of all things; then shall the mysteries of Providence be unfolded, and the ways of God fully vindicated to man. “ I think I hear whispered to me; ‘ what art thou seeking, child of the dust, with such restless assiduity? Look up, and behold the heavens, where dwelleth the Judge of the world, at whose word the pillars of the sky were formed, and its beauteous arches raised; whose breath kindled the stars, adorned the moon with silver rays, and gave the sun its

flaming splendour.' Who made the earth out of nothing ; who spake, and it was done ; commanded, and it stood fast ; who prepared for the waters their capacious bed ; and, by his power, set bounds to the raging billows : by him were the valleys clothed in their flowery pride, and the mountains arrayed with groves. His voice is heard in the thunder ; and he scattereth his lightnings abroad. He rideth on the wings of the wind ; the mountains smoke, and the forest trembles at his approach. The summer, and the winter, the shady night, and the bright revolutions of the day, are his. ' He formed thee, O man, out of the dust ; and breathed in thee a living soul.' By his hands thou art placed a short period upon earth ; and when he shall give the tremendous summons, thou must drop thy earthly body and appear as an immortal soul, before his judgement seat.

An eternity awaits thee for blessedness or misery. As thou hast sown in this world, so shalt thou reap in the world to come. Go thy way. Keep immortality in view; live every day as one who knoweth that to-morrow he must leave the inn of this uncertain life; enter on a state which can never be changed, and which shall never have an end.'"

I must here pause: for the night is far spent.

Oh, my soul, can any thing more be wanting to stir thee up, in order to lay hold of the hope set before thee, than the thoughts of Death, Judgement, and Eternity! Commit thy soul into the arms of an ever-living Redeemer, who died to save his people from their sins—a Father, whose unwearied care is over all his works, and whose watchful providence extendeth to the minutest concerns of his creatures.

In that reviving truth, may you and I, my friend, find comfort under every trial and affliction; and especially when the moment of death approaches; that moment which will be received by those children who have been submissive to such a Father, with holy resignation and thankfulness.

I am, dear sir,

Your's truly,

A. HAYNES.

et duximus quoniam alios qui vixerit hunc al-
latis quoniam vel in ratione huius abscissis qui
est ad eum illud ex quo dico; quod natus bene-
dicti sunt et obsecrati sunt in legatione
modi quod benedicti ad hunc alios respo-
sos sollicitos non erat utrum nobis hunc
alio nomine sicut dico; quod dicitur a deo;

et dico; quod dico; et dico; et dico; et dico;

et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico;

et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico;

et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico;

et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico;

et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico;

et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico;

et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico;

et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico; et dico;

LETTER II.

DEAR FRIEND,

After a day's confinement to my study, I went out for an evening walk; and wandered to that lonely spot where many a departed villager has found a peaceful grave. Though their tombs displayed no proud armorial-bearing, or laboured composition of the poet's pen, yet, underneath the green turf was the unpolished dust of simple honesty. The breasts which here laid mouldering in the ashes, did once beat with ardent love, the tongue uttered the artless eloquence of nature, and the heart glowed with sympathy whenever the sigh of calamity assailed it.

So suited was my mind to sadness, that I felt a melancholy pleasure in walking under the gothic-like arches of

trees which surrounded the consecrated enclosure ; and as I was thus indulging myself, I was roused by the sound of instrumental music, played at the Montpelier gardens. I then rambled pensively to that spot. On my arrival, they were playing “ God save the King ;” and which was the last tune for that evening. I sat down on a bench, placed at the side of the walk. The fashionables soon began to retire to their respective habitations. The day declined, and a dusky gloom overspread the surrounding scenery. The little birds had ceased their warbling, and were asleep upon the boughs. No murmur of bees was heard among the honied woodbines ; they had done their work, and laid close within their waxen cells. The sheep rested upon their soft fleeces, and their bleating was no longer heard from the plains. There was no sound of human voices.

of trampling, busy feet, or of people going to and fro. The smiths hammer, and the harsh saw of the carpenter, were not heard ; and all things were quiet and still. Oh, what a pleasing tranquility pervaded throughout this lovely landscape, it was both sublime and delightful. The effect of the moonlight at the end of the wood, the modest brilliancy of which, was heightened by the surrounding darkness of the place, and the solemnity of the dreary scene, was so truly consonant with my soul's sadness, as to effect me exceedingly. When I beheld the moonlight, it recalled to my mind those who had once been dear to me ; but who were now no more, I ruminated over happy days, which never could return. Ah, what vicissitudes has time produced ! Alas, the bright flower of human life has faded since it blossomed, and perished before attaining its matu-

rity ; it has fled, without leaving a single trace. But, why do I murmur : we must soon follow. Time, in its rapid progress, hurries every thing away ; and our transient life, carried along with the torrent, is either swallowed up by the furious waves, or dashed to pieces against the rocks. I here became impressed with the thoughts of death, and a future state. I wonder if the souls of those whom we have loved, and whose memories are still dear to us, are sensible of our regard, and have a knowledge of the happy moments we have enjoyed together ? Me-thinks, the shade of my dear friend hovers around me, as I sit in contemplation within this sequestered bower, and in the cool of the evening. We are often cast down upon knowing how few there are who serve God in spirit and in truth ; and we are almost ready to complain with Elijah, that we only are left to serve

God. But, Jesus is not slighted in yonder world as he is in this. If, like the servant of Elisha, our eyes were supernaturally opened to take a glance within the veil, what a glorious and striking prospect should we behold in the innumerable host of angels and souls of just men made perfect. These thoughts exhilarate my sinking soul, and diffuse new feelings within one ; and lead me to anticipate all that pleasing tranquility which shall be enjoyed by the people of God amidst those delectable hills and harmonious vales on high. “ Oh that I had wings like a dove ; for then would I flee away and be at rest.” This was the language of the sweet singer of Israel. His strain, when he uttered these words, was very mournful ; having been driven from his palace by Absalom his son. On this account, he wishes to be borne aloft ; in order that he may alight in

some solitary grove, and, undisturbed, pour out his plaintive note in every direction. But these words have not only been David's language, but they have been uttered by many truly pious men in successive ages, and even to the present hour. But what are the causes of this ardent wish, when proceeding from true christians ? They know that whilst in the present life they are in an enemy's country, in a world hostile to religion, that they are at a distance from the kingdom of their heavenly Father ; in a climate, not congenial with their spiritual growth, but where clouds, storms, and tempests, frequently obstruct the genial rays of the sun of righteousness. Here christians have only a taste of happiness ; and it is therefore they often exclaim with the Psalmist of ancient days, " Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." But

where? to whom? and to what world would they direct their flight? As a refuge from their Absaloms and Ahitophels, they would fly to him who is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

When all our earthly friends forsake us, the faith we have in Jesus Christ rises like a lark towards the celestial city; it is a living principle enabling its possessor to ascend to the skies, and rest upon the love of the Saviour. What an inestimable privilege it is, that while we are here below, we have access to the throne of grace in prayer! Nothing can debar the Christian from the enjoyment of this favour, at least, in the way of silent ejaculation. A round of business, or excess of labour, cannot hinder the elevation of the soul to the Majesty on high: from couches of sickness, or the deepest dungeons, the ardent petition may ascend unobstructed, to the ear of the Deity.

Neither chains nor fetters can prevent the force of fervent prayer. The body may be bound in affliction and iron, but the spirit is free; and mounts aloft to the regions of light and love. Our heavenly Father can support us in the darkest hour: and cause our sinking hearts to rejoice. He has pledged his word that his grace shall be sufficient for us; and, that “as our day is, so shall be our strength.” How consoling is the reflection, that we are in the hands of God, who can do nothing wrong by us. If we are members of his family, “all things will work together for good.” Trials will wean us from this alluring world, and prepare us “for that rest which is reserved for the righteous. When our spirits sink within us, and lose their relish for terrestrial objects, we can lift up our hearts in humble anticipation, and say, “though this be a dark, forlorn

world, yet it is but a short time that we shall be here. “ Soon shall our weary feet greet the peaceful inn of everlasting repose. The trials of this short life will soon be over ; then we shall bid an eternal farewell to this passing world ; and, if interested in the covenant, we shall find “ the rest which remaineth for the people of God.”

It is a consolation that life is short : however great may be my trials, they are not permanent. I humbly trust I commit my all into the hands of the good Shepherd ; willing that he should dispose of me as he sees best. He has given me friends ; he has given me many earthly comforts ; and although he has now appointed me trials greater than I have before known, still, I think I can say, “ Thy will be done ;” give me humble resignation to thy will, O my God, and I ask no more. The presence of

Immanuel will make a deserted cottage, a foreign land, or even, a lonely desert, desirable.

Ah, my friend, we are both young, we may live many years yet ; and see good in them all. But let us remember the days of darkness, for they too will be many. It is decreed by infinite wisdom, that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven. You, my friend have had your share of adversity ; and I have had mine—but we will not complain. Sanctified afflictions are the choicest favours of heaven ; they cure us of our vain and foolish worldly expectations, and teach our thoughts and affections to ascend and be fixed on joys that never die : we have therefore cause for continual praise. The Lord has given us to know his name as a resting place, a sun and shield ; circumstances and creatures may change, but

he will be an unchangeable friend. The way is rough, but he trod it before us ; and he is with us in every step we take—and we know that each step brings us nearer to our heavenly home. Our inheritance is prepared for us ; and we shall be kept in it by his power through faith. Our present strength is small, and without a fresh supply would be quickly exhausted. But he has engaged to renew it from day to day, and he will soon appear, to wipe all tears from our eyes. Then shall we be with him in glory.

I am

Yours, &c.

A. HAYNES.

1072. *Brachylomia elongatissima*, new species
is related to *B. lutea* and *B. elongata* by
the same system of discoidal venation
and the lack of a central postorbital vein.
It differs from *B. lutea* in having the abdominal
sternite 7 with a large median depression, the abdominal
sternite 8 with a small median depression, and the male
genitalia with elongate claspers and a relatively
large median process and not so large lateral processes.
Also the anal tube is not so long as in *B. lutea*,
and the male genitalia are larger than in *B. lutea*.

1073.

106,4700]

MURRAY.

LETTER III.

DEAR FRIEND,

I walked out early this morning, to view the wonders of nature. The trees were covered with hoar-frost; and the mist laid close in the valley, so that it was impossible to see any thing which was not quite near. As I stood contemplating the beauty of the trees, which were entirely covered with white, I was aroused, in a moment, by the sound of hounds; and which, in a few minutes, I could perceive in full speed after a hare. I followed them to the top of a high mountain, but I there lost sight of them.

I stood still, and began to reflect upon the folly of my pursuit. I wish I had words to describe the beauty of the scenery which at that time surrounded me. The sun shone bright; no land

was to be seen, save the elevated summits of two neighbouring mountains, whose lofty tops stretched towards heaven. The mist overspread the landscape as far as the eye could reach, and appeared like a vast ocean. Nor did it appear as if it would disperse. But, alas ! while I stood ruminating upon its grandeur, it began to vanish ; and as I gazed upon it, it disappeared. All the power of man was unable to preserve it for one moment ; nor could any person tell from whence it came, or whither it was gone. Nothing could exhibit a finer illustration of the vanity of human life. Men concert plans, as if their works were to endure for ever ; but the wind passes over them and they are gone. In the midst of their preparation, or at farthest, when thinking they have just completed their schemes, their breath goes out of their nostrils, and they return to

the dust. In that very day their thoughts perish; and all they have been concerned about will be to them no more than the remembrance of a dream. This truth is too obvious to be denied; but the greater part of mankind act as if they were convinced it was false; yet, "Oh, that men were wise, that they would "consider their latter end—in the midst of life we are in death," power cannot awe, wealth cannot bribe, beauty cannot charm, nor can the most melliflous eloquence divert, the great spoiler from his prey. Alas, how does he destroy the fairest flowers in the garden of hope; he pays no respect to age or sex. He enters with equal indifference, into the hut of penury, and the seat of affluence.

As I walked over these cold, snowy mountains, I 'spied a large forest; and there seemed to stand in the midst of it a magnificent building. But, as I ad-

vanced, I perceived it was mouldering into ruins. "Alas," said I, "where is the architect who founded the plan for this mansion; and what is become of the mechanic who carried the work into execution. They have long since been laid in the silent grave; and are mouldering in the dust. The head of the architect has been trodden over by the foot of the careless sexton; and the arm of the mechanic by him who digged the grave for his fellow-creature: unmindful that he himself would have to go down by the side of the pit and make his bed in the dust."

As I entered the splendid ruin, I said; "Oh, what does thy former splendour now avail;—nothing now remains of thee, but these mouldering columns, around which the creeping ivy intwines itself! The fox looks out of the window, and the lonely thistle shakes its head.

Nothing is now heard to break the solemn silence pervading these remains of ancient grandeur, but the croaking of the raven, and the shriek of the owl. Draw near, ye sons of ambition, and view with me the end of earthly pride. Where are the emperors of Assyria, Greece, and Rome, so celebrated among the nations of antiquity? The sceptre is departed from them, and given to another. Where are the ambitious projects of the Macedonian chiefs? What has become of the power of Cæsar? Where is the wisdom of Plato and Socrates gone? Where are the heroes of ancient song, who astonished the world by their virtues? They are passed away like the transient gleam of a taper; and only are remembered by impressing us with a sense of the vanity of human greatness.

Here every object reminds man of mortality. The mountains, so lately

covered with herbage, and the valleys sinking with waving ears of corn, are now changed in their appearance, and clad in snow. The trees, so lately arrayed in cheerful green, are now dismantled of their gay attire: for even those nobler powers of human life, which seem to have something angelic in them—I mean wit, fancy, gay-imagination, and capacious memory—are all subject to the same laws of decay and death. In vain does the aged poet, or the painter, call up the muse, or the genius of his youth, and summon all the arts of imagination to conceive and paint, in attractive colours, some visionary scene. In vain does the student of nature recall the pleasant seasons, when he indulged himself by the stream of water, and the sweet melody of the inhabitants of the forest, and contemplated the wonders of the sun and moon, and the beauties of

the starry heavens ; and useless was it for the elegant orator to display that bold and elegant figure, and all those flowing images, which gave ardour, grace, and dignity to his early compositions, and charmed those who heard him ; they are fled beyond the reach of their owner's call. The time of this being is passed, and they have vanished and are lost. The God of nature has fixed an impassible limit to all the powers, pleasures, and glories of this mortal state. But how different will the view of past life appear to the man who has grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from what it will to him who has attained an old age of ignorance and folly. The latter is obliged to look back, as it were, upon a dreary landscape, that fills the eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains ; producing nothing profitable or ornamental. The other, beholds a beautiful

country, divided into green meadows and fruitful fields ; he reviews the path of life, which has been strewed with mercy, and, with cheering thoughts, anticipates the glory awaiting him. Let us contemplate, for a moment, the changes we have seen in every department of life. We have seen new ministers at court, new judges on the bench, and new priests at the altar of the Lord. We have seen different kings upon the throne ; we have seen peace, and war ; and peace again. How many of our equals in age have we survived ; how many persons younger than ourselves have we seen carried to the grave ! Year after year has made a blank in the number of our friends. The same fate which took them away, awaits us. Even now the decree is gone forth. The king of terrors hath received his commission ; and is now on his way. Oh, how fleet-

ing and vain is life ! It is but a lingering death. Our days speed apace. Each one bears away its own burthen, to return no more. Both the pleasures and pains which are past, are gone for ever. What is to come, will likewise soon be past. ‘The end is coming’—Oh that you and I may realize our thoughts ; and now judge of things in some measure suitable to the judgement we shall form of them when we are about to leave.”

So inspiring was the scene around, that it absorbed all ideas of the world. The feathered songsters poured forth their sweet melody ; hymning with ardour the praise of heaven, and warbling the glories of their great Creator. The vaulted sky appeared deeply tinged with a lovely blue ; and while I gazed upon its beauty, I felt my mind impressed with sublime ideas respecting the heavenly Architect. At a distance the moun-

tains penetrated the clouds with their aspiring tops; rising like a grand amphitheatre. Some were clad with mantling vines, or towering cedars; others, ragged with misshapen rocks and yawning with subterraneous caves, arrested and condensed the vapours floating along. Their caverned bowels collected the dripping treasure, and after sending it gradually abroad in trickling springs, the waters increased, rolled down till they swelled into rivers, and swept through the most extensive climes and regained their native sea.

Lost in astonishment and wonder, I began to reflect: “Do not these things teach us some instructive lessons: and which, if attended to, will prove to us a source of comfort, joy, and peace? Let us then, while reflecting on these created excellencies, be taught to adore their Creator, who hath not only said, ‘I am

Alpha,' but also 'I am Omega.' Great is his name ; unsearchable his nature ; and his ways are past finding out. Whoever explored the depth of his mercy, or scanned the height of his wisdom ? Whoever searched the length of his goodness; or comprehended the breadth of his love to man ? He is now inviting us to partake of those treasures which never wax old. What joy and peace doth it afford the christian, even while he is on his pilgrimage here below ! These set him, as it were, on the top of the mount Nebo, and there give him a foretaste of the promised happiness. If the mercies we now receive as the earnest, be so choice and solacing, how rich, how immensely great, shall the inheritance be ! If the first fruits be so satisfying, how full shall the harvest be ! If we enjoy such a ray of light in the person, what a glorious sun must shine in the palace !

If we possess such a joy in the anticipation, what happiness we shall possess in the consummation of eternally living ! How inconceivably happy shall we be when we enter that better world, where no vain imagination misleads the will ; where sorrow is for ever unknown ! The Lord Jesus Christ swallows up death in victory. He dies no more ; death hath no more dominion over him : at the appointed hour he will complete the salvation of his people. The Lord of glory has triumphed over death, by ascending into heaven, and sitting down at the right hand of the Majesty on high ; leading captive, at the same time, death, principalities and powers. But he triumphs not for himself alone, but for his people, and as their surety and representative. Oh, how resplendent is the glory of the Lord of hosts. Behold, by the eye of faith, the King of saints seat-

ed upon a throne of glory ; surrounded by angels, and the souls of just men made perfect ! Oh, how splendid the appearance, how dazzling the glory of that new Jerusalem. There, the divine persons sit enthroned ; and thither, the tribes of God, the saved of the nations, go up to celebrate their endless festival. Thither, those kings, who are crowned with righteousness, resort. There, grace attends them ; and there, good works follow them. There, God is the sole monarch ; the Lamb their only light ; enlivening righteousness their only raiment ; rapturous acclamations of praise, their only employment ; and endless honour and glory their firm, unfading crown. O, blessed city, where there is no sickness, no sorrow, no pain, no death, no curse ; but where holiness reigns, felicity overflows, and God is all in all. O blessed city, within whose walls of light

we shall understand nature, grace and glory ; there, all our doubts shall be removed : for we shall see God face to face. Oh, that you and I may be enabled, in sincerity, to exclaim : “ Fly swift, ye lingering moments, so that we may hear the cheering accents of angels saying unto us, ‘ Thy labours, and thy sorrows, are at an end ; the hour of thine infirmities prevails.’ He does not bid us despond, but reminds us that we have an advocate with the Father, who is able to pity, pardon, and save to the uttermost. Think of the names he bears. Does he not call himself a Saviour, a Shepherd, a Friend, a Husband. Has he not made known to us his love, his blood, his righteousness, His promises, His power, and His grace ; and all for our encouragement ? Away then with all doubting, unbelieving thoughts, they will not only distress

your heart, but weaken your hands. Take it for granted, upon the warrant of his own word, that you are his and that he is yours; that he has loved you with an everlasting love, and in loving kindness, has drawn you to himself. And he will surely accomplish what he has begun; so that nothing which can be named or thought of shall ever be able to separate you from him. This persuasion will give you strength for the battle; this is the shield which will quench the fiery darts of Satan. This is the helmet which the enemy cannot pierce. Above all, such a persuasion and well grounded hope of pardon and immortal life supports us against, or rather raises us above the fear of death. Mortal and dying as we are, in a state in which the smallest alteration in the body reminds us of death, what can be more comfortable to a believer than a

firm, well grounded hope of eternal felicity ; than a shield to secure us against the enemy, and a sword to destroy him ? Oh, how foolish are those who are falsely secure ! who congratulate themselves on having obtained the end, before they have made use of the means ; who stretch out their hands to receive the crown, before they have been employed in fighting the battle ; who content themselves with a false peace, and use no efforts to obtain the grace, to which true consolation is annexed. This is as dreadful a calm as that which some voyagers have described ; a singular, but certain forerunner of a terrible event—on a sudden in the wide ocean, the sea becomes calm, the air serene, and the surface of the water smooth as glass and clear as crystal. The unskilled passenger is also tranquil and happy. But the old mariner trembles. In an instant, the

sea foams, the winds murmur, the heavens kindle, a thousand gulfs open, a frightful light inflames the air, and every wave threatens sudden death. This is a correct representation of too many people's assurance of salvation. May I never resemble those fools in religion who consider a confident expectation of attaining heavenly happiness as a privilege supplying the want of every virtue. And while I profess to feel the grace of assurance, may I never fail to exhibit its fruits; in living soberly, righteously, and godly. One thing is needful: an humble, dependent spirit; renouncing our own wills, and unreservedly giving ourselves up to his disposal. This is the path of peace; and it is also the path of safety—for he has said! ‘The meek he will teach his way, and those who yield themselves up to him, he will guide with his eye.’ I hope he will guide you with his eye. I

hope you will fight and pray against every rising of a murmuring spirit ; and be thankful for the great things which he has already done for you. It is good to be humble on account of sin, but not to be discouraged ; for though we are poor creatures, Jesus is a complete Saviour, and we bring more honour to God by believing on his name, and trusting in his word of promise, than we could possibly do by a thousand outward works. Many things offer amusement to us. Some deserve and require a degree of attention ; but one thing is especially needful. What a mercy is it that this one thing, which mountains of gold and silver cannot purchase, is to be had without any payment ! May the Lord engrave it deeply upon your heart and mine. As sure as the sun will rise to-morrow, so sure is his promise that he will in no wise cast out them that come unto him. If

we have a desire for his blessing, it is he who first gave us that desire; and therefore, he will not disappoint us.

I long to see you, and to hear you rejoice in his salvation. He only knows the many prayers I have offered for you. I trust, not in vain. I cannot doubt but that "the one thing needful" is your chief desire. Every thing else will shortly fail us; but the blessings of the gospel will last through death into eternity. Though our sins have been like scarlet, enormous as the mountains, and countless as the sands, the sum total is this:—"Sin hath abounded: but where sin hath abounded, grace hath much more abounded."

I should rejoice in being the instrument of administering comfort to you. I hope to hear from you soon: and trust that you will then be able to inform me, that the Lord has restored you to the

joy of his salvation. But, should it not be so at present, wait for him and you shall not wait in vain.

I am,

Your's, &c.

A. HAYNES.

LETTER IV.

DEAR FRIEND,

I embarked this morning at four o'clock for England. We left the shore with a gale, which promised a quick passage; but to our great mortification, it soon died away into a perfect calm. During this subsiding of the winds, I viewed the glassy surface of the ocean with a mind smooth, unruffled, and serene. The morning in its loveliness, the ocean in its smoothness, and the prospect in its immensity: these had each a peculiar impression. But evening wore a different nature—The wind came on upon the wings of night; and, as the darkness increased, the sea became agitated—the stars twinkled in the horizon—the breeze freshened upon the waters—the ocean in huge volumes, rolled along,

wave propelling wave, and a dusky and scarcely discernable shade of orange, which the departing sun had left behind him, hung upon the extreme of the ocean. The sails were filled with the wind; and the vessel scudded along upon the waves.

After three days' sail, we reached the harbour of Tranmear. After taking some refreshment, I proceeded on my journey to Runeun; and the castle being distant only one mile, I took the advantage of paying it a visit.

The path by which I approached this majestic ruin, laid along a gently sloping upland. The building had lost much of its splendour, by the ravages of time; but it still retained a touching sublimity. Steep and irregular mountains formed a grand outline of dark and barren ridges; and below them, the eye could distinguish, here and there, a plentiful vegeta-

tion of firs and pines. Upon advancing nearer to these relicks of grandeur, the ear was delighted with the sound of resistless torrents, tumbling in greenish columns from the overhanging summits, and rolling in foaming currents along the valley. Some places were marked with bold and projecting rocks, formed by waters whose sources were invisible; diversified by gentle acclivities, and scattered over with tufts of fragrant herbage; which afforded food to the playful young mountain goats, and otherwise enlivened the solitary aspect of the surrounding scenery.

When I entered the delapidated castle, and explored its ruins, the lofty battlements and marble aisles proclaimed that here once lived the nobles of the land. "Ah," said I, "within these wall, sat the silver-headed senator deciding on the fate of nations;—beneath these

splendid arches flowed the oratory of the eloquent speaker ;—and within this gorgeous palace the innocent, helpless female was concealed from the face of the savage warrior. But now, the creeping ivy entwines itself around the mouldering edifice ;—the hissing serpent glides along the marble aisles ; other poisonous reptiles conceal themselves beneath the bushy bramble ; and here the birds of prey protect their unfledged young. And yet, even this ruinous place is calculated to impress the mind with a variety of pleasing and profitable reflections.

When David wishes to describe the safety of those who put their trust in God, he says, ‘ I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence ariseth my help. My joy cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.’ And those sweet streams of water bring to my

mind the wonders that the Lord wrought for the people of old ; when he made the water to flow out of the rock, and when he followed them through the barren desart. They also ought to remind the Christian that he is only a pilgrim ; a very prisoner. We see that the Jews, when they were carried captive into Babylon, sat down and wept by the rivers thereof, ‘yea, they wept when they remembered Zion.’ And again, David, when speaking of his zeal to serve God in the temple, says, “ As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God ; my soul thirsteth for the living God, when shall I come and appear before him.” Here then we see there is an important lesson set before every man ; and which it becomes his duty to learn and practice. Some may say, that they have to toil early and late to obtain a livelihood,

and it is not in their power to attend to spiritual concerns. I would request those who thus argue, to look for a moment at the conduct of the ancient monks. Casson tells us, that when their hands were employed at their daily occupations, they repeated their religious services. St. Jerome, describing the pleasant valley of Bethlehem, says, ‘Near the city of Christ there is nothing heard but the ploughmen singing the Psalms of David, as he follows his plough; and the vine-dresser amusing himself with sacred hymns. Thus, while their hands are busily employed in providing food for their bodies, their minds are lifted up to the Lord in behalf of their never-dying souls.’ Who then can say they are deprived of time or opportunity to serve the God of heaven and earth? Can they not lift up their hearts in secret ejaculation, in short but fervent

prayers, which will be accepted as the widow's mite was accepted; and which our Lord said was more highly esteemed than the rich gifts of those who had cast in of their abundance."

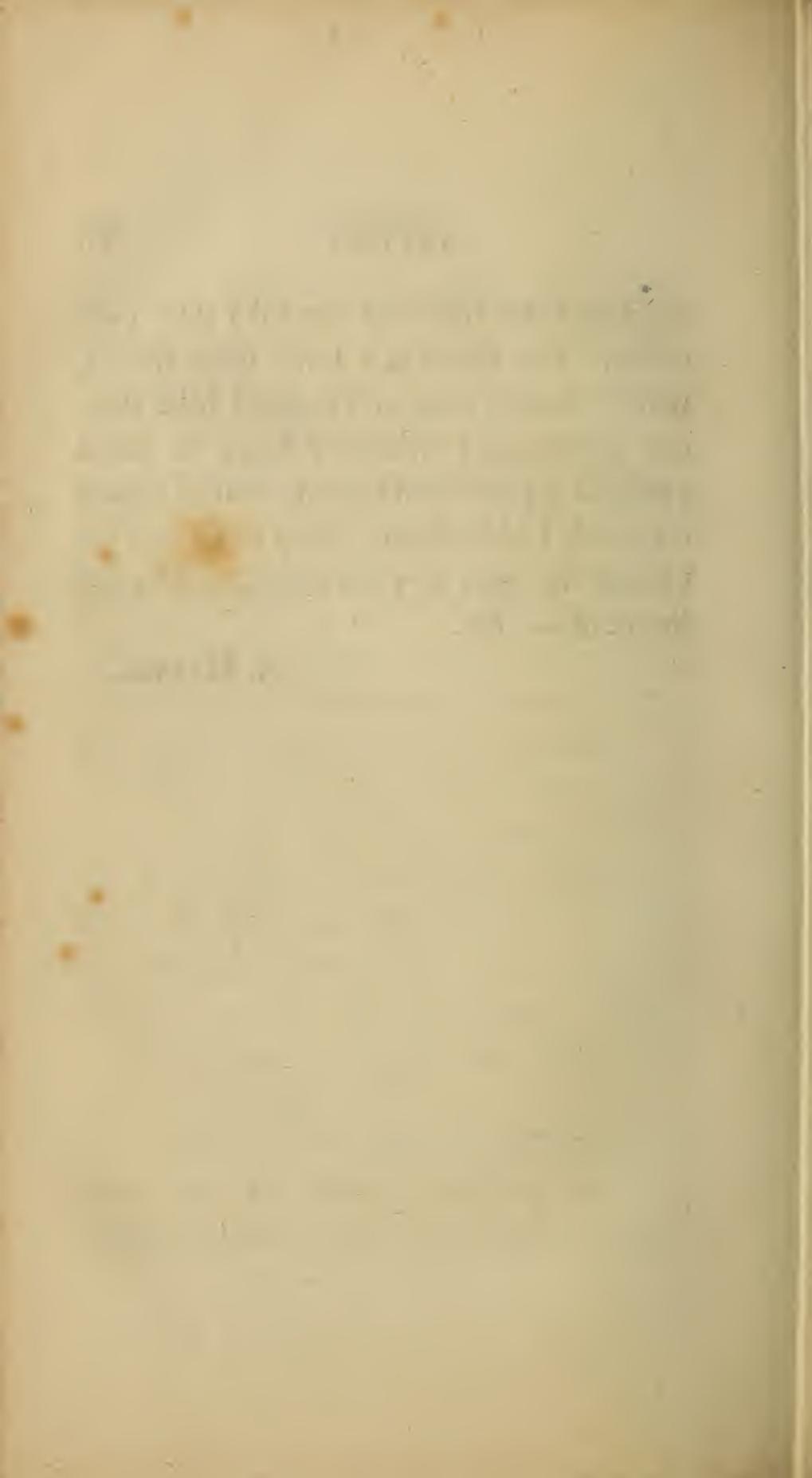
While I rambled in the midst of the mountains, the night was perfectly fine and serene. I was favoured with a frame of mind I cannot always command. My attachment to the world has greatly lessened since I left my native country; and, with it, all the honours, pleasures, and riches of life. I feel more like a pilgrim in a dry and thirsty land. Heaven, I trust, is my home; and there I hope my weary soul will sweetly rest after a tempestuous voyage across the ocean of life. I love to anticipate what I shall be when I have finished my heavenly Father's work upon earth. How solacing is the thought of glory while I wander here in the mist of this wilder-

ness. I often contemplate the path through which I have wandered, although I have met with many severe trials, under which nothing but sovereign grace could have supported me. Sometimes, I have the most ardent desire to see you and my other dear friends. The sacrifice which I have made is indeed great; but the light of the Lord's countenance can enliven every dreary scene, and make the path of duty pleasant. If it be the Lord's will to spare me a little longer, I shall soon be in a foreign clime; but even then I shall have nothing to fear; for He who has hitherto brought me through innumerable trials, will not forsake me at this juncture. When earthly friends forsake me, the Lord will take me up.

I expect to hear from you as soon as I arrive in New-York. I often look towards London: but, alas! rugged moun-

tains and the blue sky are all I can perceive. But there is a land, dear friend, where stormy seas and rugged hills cannot intervene; where I hope to meet you and my beloved friends, but to whom on earth I bid adieu. May the Lord increase his light in your heart, and in the heart of —, &c.

A. HAYNES.



LETTER V.

DEAR FRIEND,

After a day's confinement to my study, I walked out for the benefit of my health. The moon was shining bright, and most agreeably supplied the place of the sun, and gave me as much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects. The fanning of the wind, the rustling of the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside displeasing thoughts. In this sweet retirement, I naturally fell to repeating some lines out of a poem of Milton's. The ideas were suited to my then present wanderings of thought :

“ Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
“ Most musical, most melancholly !

“ Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
“ I woo, to hear thy even’ song ;
“ And missing thee, I walk unseen
“ On the dry smooth-shaven green,
“ To behold the wand’ring moon,
“ Riding near her highest noon,
“ Like one that had been led astray
“ Through the heav’ns wide pathless way.
“ And oft, as if her head she bow’d,
“ Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

* * * *

“ And let some strange mysterious dream
“ Wave at his wings in airy stream
“ Of lively portraiture display’d,
“ Softly on my eyelids laid ;
“ And as I wake sweet music breathe
“ Above, about, or underneath,
“ Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
“ Or th’ unseen Genius of the wood.”

As I indulged myself amid the romantic scenery, I observed some dark towers rising from among the trees at a distance. As I approached them, I per-

ceived the remains of a gothic Abbey. It stood upon a kind of rude lawn, overshadowed by high and spreading trees which seemed coeval with the building; and diffused a romantic gloom around. The greater part of the pile appeared to be sinking into decay; and that which had withstood the ravages of time showed the remaining features of the fabric more awfully. The lofty battlements, thickly enwreathed with ivy, were demolished; and they had become the residence of birds of prey. The main entrance was by a gothic gate; richly ornamented with carved work. This led into the body of the edifice. I entered what appeared to have been the chapel of the Abbey; and, where the hymn of devotion had once been raised, and the tear of penitence shed—sounds and tears which could now only be recalled by imagination.

As I explored these walls, I felt a sublime sensation rising into terror, a mingling of astonishment and awe. Several of the pillars, which had once supported the roof, remained as the proud effigies of sinking greatness, and seemed to nod at every murmur of the blast over the fragments of those that had fallen a little time before. I heaved a deep sigh. "Ah," said I, "the similitude between myself and the degradation and decay which these columns exhibit, is but too obvious and affecting. And in a few years, I shall become like the mortals who once inhabited the relicks which I now gaze upon, and who have been hurried down the current of life. And I may too be the subject of meditation to a distant survivor, but he shall totter but a little while over the object he contemplates, and then he also must sink into the dust."

As I was about to leave the melancholy

spot, I still reflected on its ruins ; and fancy bore me back to past ages. What astonishing changes have taken place in various countries on the face of the earth ! One kingdom has fallen, and another been raised on its ruins. One prince has been put down, and another set up. One ruler has been circumvented by fraud, and another expelled by force. A people have groaned under the horrors of war, another pined under the pressure of famine—while others have languished under the ravages of a pestilence. Such a view of the vicissitudes of time should lead us to prepare for the land which knows no change, which is free from contention and from sickness ; a better country, even an heavenly one. Time, like a rapid stream, sweeps away all things not immortal. Where are the places renowned of old for beauty and defence. They are known to us only

by their names and their ruins. Here and there are remains of temples in which our fathers worshipped. Even Jerusalem, and the temple of Mount Zion, of which such glorious things are said, have not one stone left upon another—Babylon the great, is fallen. Families, states, empires, and churches have their rise, their glory, and their decline. The world is a vast theatre in which every man makes his entrance for a moment ; and then in the same space of time, disappears. Every succeeding instant presents different scenery, and a new decoration. I conceive these vicissitudes to myself, under the emblem of what is felt by a man employed in turning over the pages of history. He pores over his book, and beholds on this leaf one people and one king ; he turns to another, and there he finds other laws, maxims and actors. “ One generation

goeth, and another cometh." People are like the leaves of the forest; they pass with the wind, and other leaves lift their green heads and flourish.

" With constant motion, as the moments glide,
" Behold in running life the rolling tide ;
" For none can stem by art, or stop by power,
" The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour.
" But wave, by wave pursued, arrives on shore ;
" And each impell'd behind, impels before.
" So time, on time, revolving we descry ;
" So minutes follow, and so minutes fly."

Let us remember we also must pass away and mingle with our kindred dust; and that we are waiting for our glorious resurrection to immortal life. There is a limit appointed by Providence to the duration of all the pleasant and desirable scenes in life; to all the works of the hands of men; to all the glories and excellencies of animal nature; and to all that is constituted of flesh and blood.

What are those stately buildings and princely, palaces which now entertain and amuse our sight with ranks of marble columns, wide-spreading arches, and gay erections ; enriching our imagination with a thousand royal ornaments ? Time, with its wing, will insensibly bring them into decay ; and, in a few years, they will be mouldering in ruins. What are those elegant gardens, those delightful walks, those gentle ascents, and soft declining slopes, which raise the soul of the beholder into enchantment.

These sweet borders and growing varieties of bloom and fruit seem to recall lost paradise to mind ; but soon will the scythe of time pass over them, and they will wither and die. " As for man he cometh forth as a flower of the field ;" he unfolds his beauty in youth ; and flourishes awhile in the vigour of manhood. But lo, in a moment his breath

goes out ; he bows his drooping head and mingles again with his native dust. His friends and companions look for him or the spot which he once adorned ; but, in vain the earth has opened her mouth to receive him. Thus every thing around combines to remind us of our frailty. Nature, in her simplest appearance continually brings this subject to our recollection. Cold and heat, day and night, summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest, perpetually succeed one another, and are each of short duration. Is not the renewing of the face of the earth a striking emblem of the resurrection of our bodies from the dust of the grave ? This grand doctrine is clearly revealed in the gospel of Jesus Christ, but in the renewal of nature we have a convincing analogy. The great and glorious being who renews inanimate nature, can and will in due time, restore the human frame.

This doctrine cheers our hearts, confirms our faith, and directs our views to that auspicious morn when this mortal which is hastening to the tomb shall put on immortality. Christians are not exempt from the grave; their ashes must mingle with their kindred dust. But Jesus is the resurrection and the life; he has conquered over sin, death, and the grave. Therefore, child of immortality, mourn no longer. Remember what the angel said to Mary, who was weeping at the sepulchre of the risen Redeemer, “Woman why weepest thou? he is not here, he is risen as he said, come see the place where the Lord lay.” Dry up thy tears; shout for joy, for the Lord of glory triumphs in his resurrection. By the eye of faith behold the triumphant Conqueror seated upon his throne, from his girdle is suspended the massy keys of death, and, by passing through the grave, he

has made a passage for us to the realms of light. The flower which faded in Adam, blooms afresh in Jesus Christ the Lord; never to fade again. The mercy of Jehovah in the Messiah is everlasting; and of that mercy sinful man is the object. Come then, dear friend, be of good cheer. Why are you thus disquieted with fearful doubting? the Lord of glory knows our infirmities and what temptations mean; and as a good shepherd, he exercises a peculiar care and tenderness for the weak lambs of his flock: for he says, "comfort ye my people." But, how must I attempt to comfort you? Surely, not by strengthening a mistake to which we are all too liable: by leading you to look into your own heart for something upon which to ground your hopes. No, rather let me endeavour to lead you out of yourself; and invite you to look to Jesus. Should we look for light in our

own eyes; or in the sun? If it be indwelling-sin which distresses you, then I can tell you, though you know it, that Jesus died for sinners. His blood and righteousness are of infinite value; his arm is an almighty arm, and his compassion is infinite. You read his promises; and why should you doubt their fulfilment? If you say you do not question these truths, or that they are accomplished in many, but that you can hardly believe they belong to you:—I would ask, what evidence do you require? Do you expect a voice, or an angel, from heaven? Consider whether many of the promises are not expressly addressed to you.

When you read your name on this letter, you will not scruple to open it: why then do you hesitate to embrace the promises of the Gospel. If you are afraid that your faith is not genuine, or

not strong enough, consider that this reasoning is far from the spirit of the Gospel : for such language as this is grounded on a supposition, that in the forgiveness of sin, God hath respect to something more than the atonement and meditation of Jesus, namely, to some previous good qualifications in a sinner's heart, which are to share with the blood of Christ in the honour of salvation. We are deceived in this matter—the more easily, because a propensity to the covenant of works is a part of our natural depravity. I am sorry that you are still perplexed about the high points of election. I would advise you to leave how others are to be disposed of to the Great Judge, who doth according to his will in the armies of heaven ; and, as to yourself, I think I need not say much to persuade you, that if ever you be saved, it must be by free grace. Leave disputes to others ;

wait upon the Lord, and he will teach you all things in due time. Perhaps you have suffered from taking things too much upon trust from men. Cease from man's sayings, whose breath is in his nostrils. One is your master, even God. Study, and pray over your Bible : gird on the armour of the Gospel ; quit yourself like a man, and fight with undaunted courage, to obtain the victory over the enemy. Take, in your hand, the shield of faith ; and the sword of the Spirit. Believe, that through the strength of the Redeemer you can do all things : for the love of him who hath called you to the combat is infinitely stronger towards you than death. The glorified saints were once warriors ; but now they are conquerors. Flesh, earth, and hell were their enemies, but faith, hope, love, and all other Christian virtues were their armour. It would be easy to enlarge in

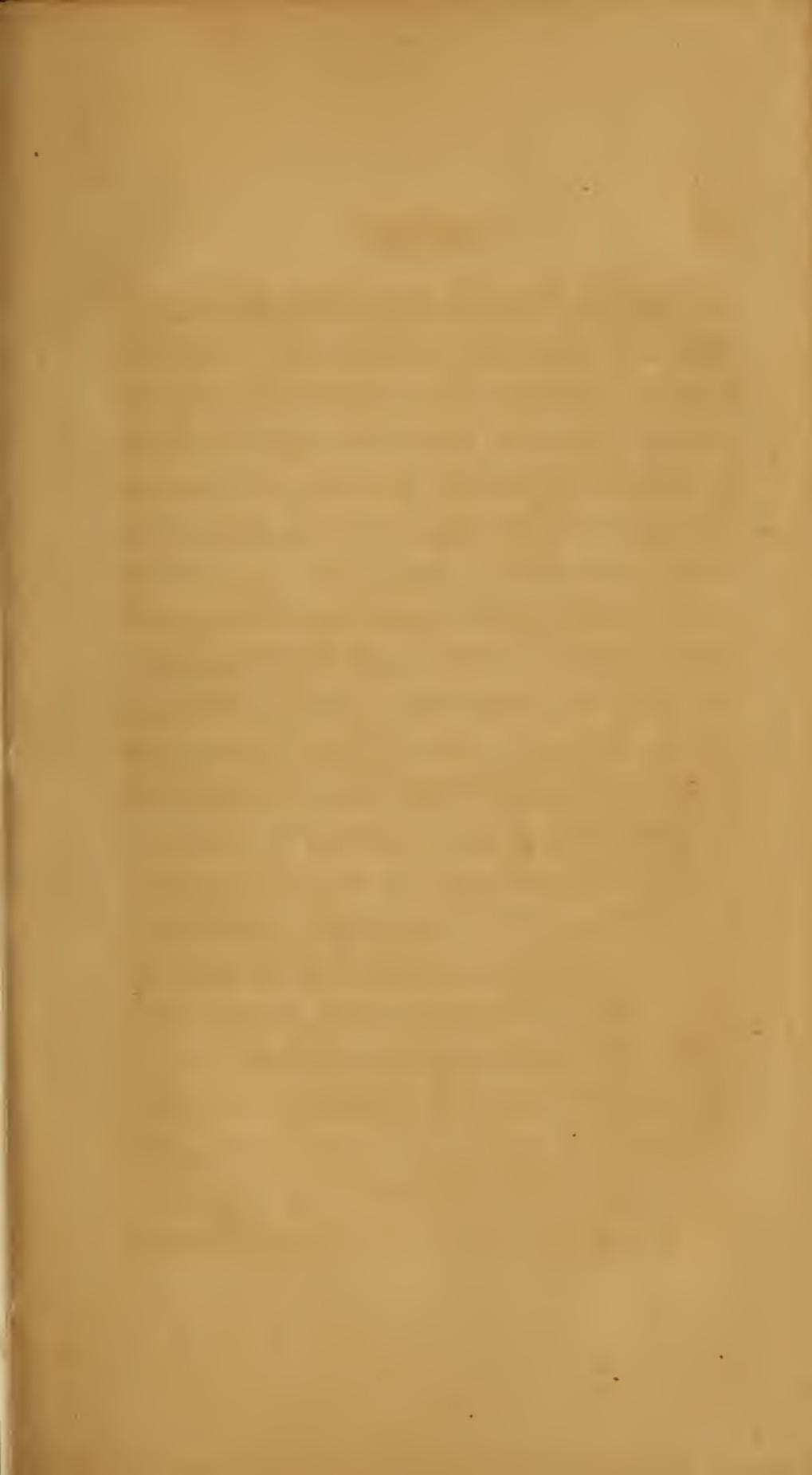
this way, did paper and time permit; but we may rest assured, from what we read in Scripture, that all the trials of the Christian's life may be likened to that of a brave warrior, who, after many long and fatiguing campaigns, returns in joy and triumph, and crowned with victorious laurels, to his long-loved native country; or, like a weary mariner, who, after being long tossed by tempests, at last arrives at the desired haven, and is cherished in the bosoms of his dear friends. The righteous are said to be scarcely saved; not in respect to the certainty of the event, for the purposes of God in their favour cannot be disappointed: but in respect of their own apprehensions, and the great difficulties they are brought through. They will not ascribe any thing to themselves; but are glad to acknowledge, that they must have perished, if Jesus had not

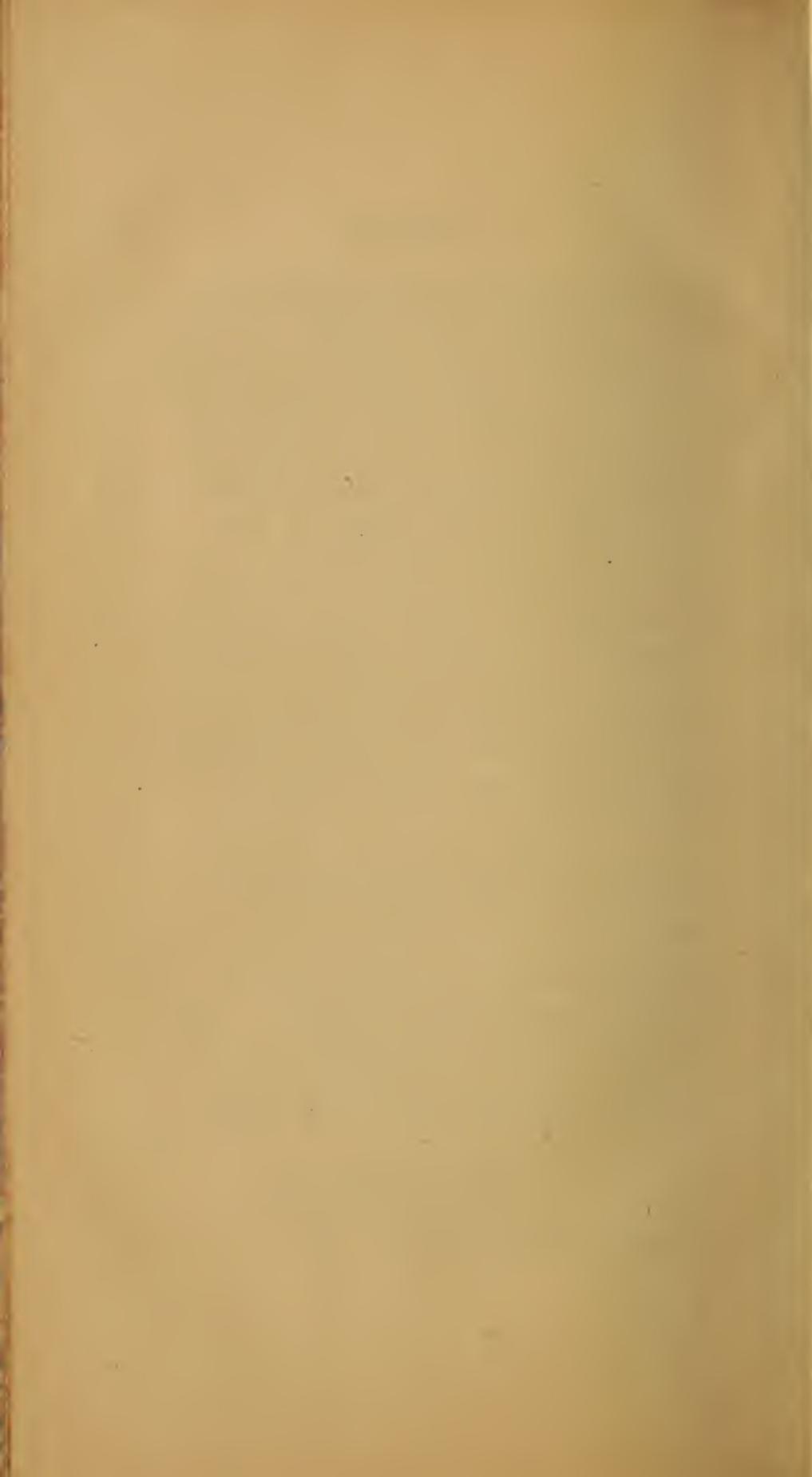
been their Saviour, their Shepherd, and their Shield. When they were wandering, he brought them back; when sinking, he upheld them; when falling, he raised them; when fainting, he revived them; and by him, out of weakness, they have been made strong. “ He hath taught their hands to war, and covered their heads in the day of battle;” he hath guided them by his wisdom, strengthened them by his power, and comforted them with the light of his countenance.

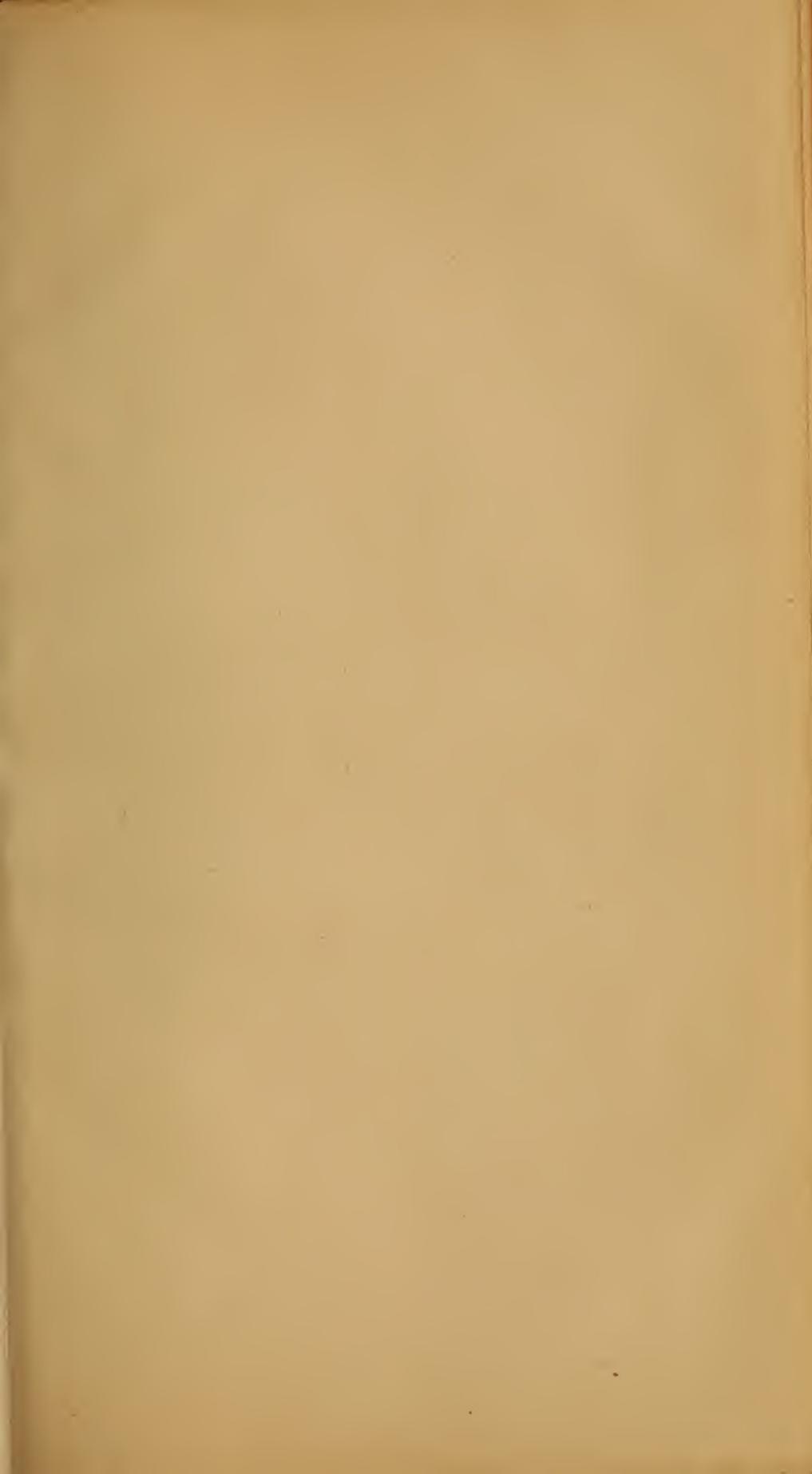
But I will relinquish the subject, for, perhaps, as it is, I have tired your patience. Allow me only to add, oh, that you and I may hear God say at last, “ Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

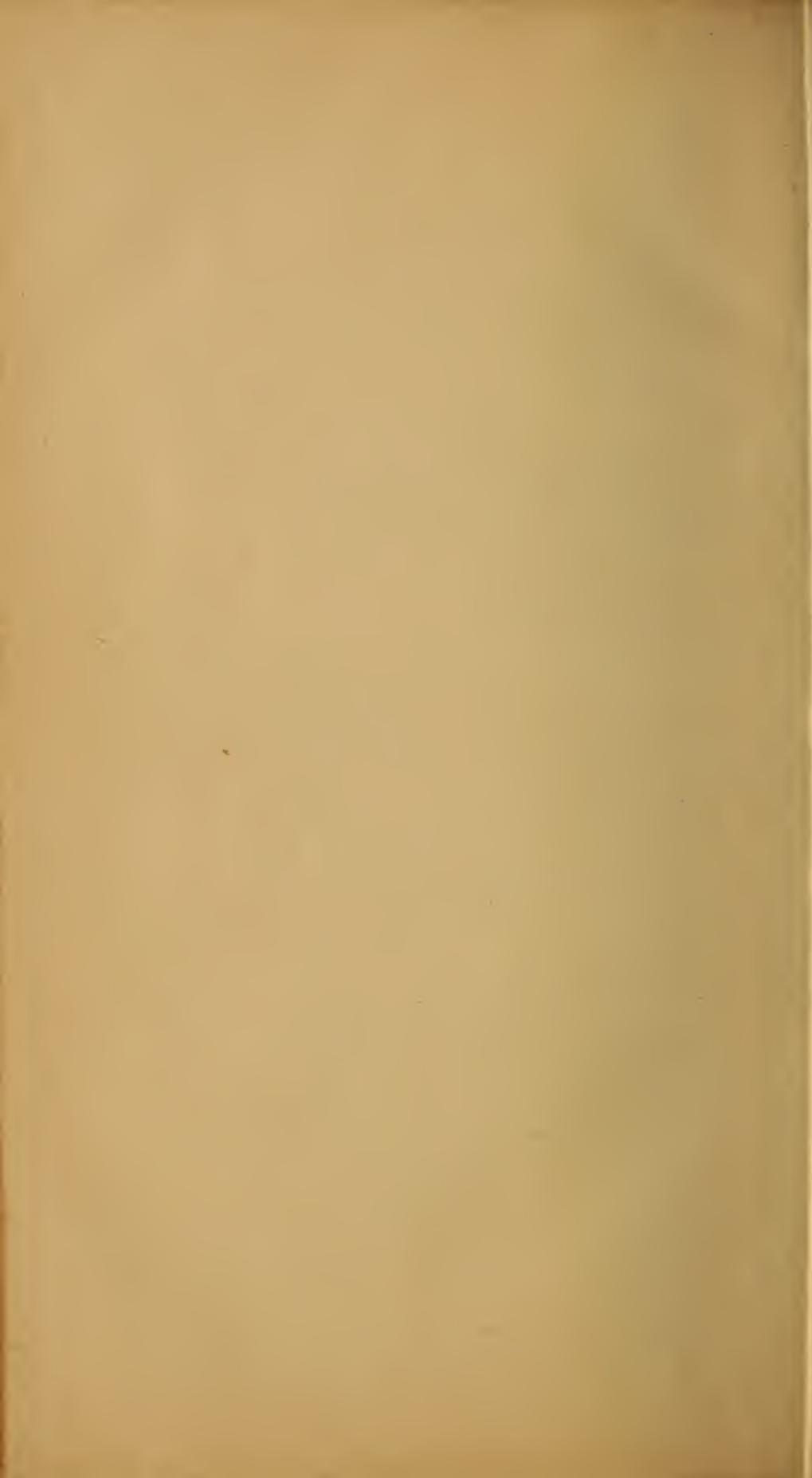
Your's truly, &c.

A. HAYNES.









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